Fit "TripleX"- and be safe

2/-

The Sketch

ROSS'S
BELFAST
GINGER ALE
SODA WATER
TONIC WATER
GRAPE FRUIT
LIME JUICE CORDIAL
LEMONADE
To be found again in " foreign parts "—but very scarce at home.

The Aristocrat of Liqueurs
Drambuie
THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., Ltd., 12, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH

BY APPOINTMENT
ENAMEL AND VARNISH MANUFACTURERS
TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V.
PARIPAN
ENAMEL
"The more you wash it, the better it looks."
BRITISH OWNED AND BRITISH MADE.
PARIPAN LIMITED LONDON.

McVITIE & PRICE
Biscuits of Highest Quality
EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION, LTD.
83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

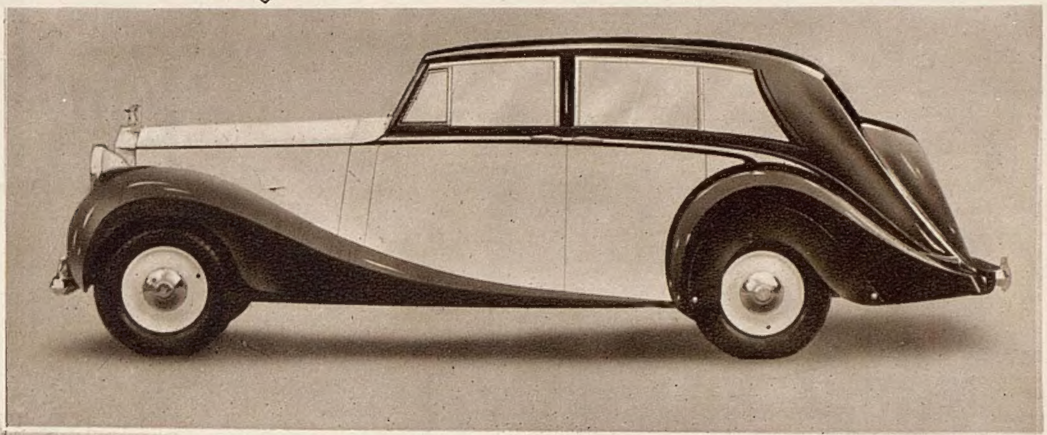
SUBSCRIPTION RATES (12 months, including postage): Inland £2:16:6 Canada £2:7:6 Elsewhere Abroad £2:10:0

THE CIGARETTE WITH THE EXCLUSIVE FILTER

royds 2c

BY APPOINTMENT MOTOR BODY BUILDERS TO H.M. THE KING HOOPER AND COMPANY (COACHBUILDERS) LIMITED

This Touring Limousine on Rolls-Royce "Silver Wraith" is typical of Hooper coachwork in which every detail is designed to meet the personal wishes of the owner



Design No. 8235

HOOPER

Uncommonly fine coachwork

HOOPER AND COMPANY
(COACHBUILDERS) LIMITED
Established
1807

54 ST. JAMES'S STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, S.W.1. TELEPHONE REGENT 3242. OFFICIAL RETAILERS OF ROLLS-ROYCE, DAIMLER AND BENTLEY

This is the Gin

By Appointment
Gin Distillers
to H.M. King George VI.

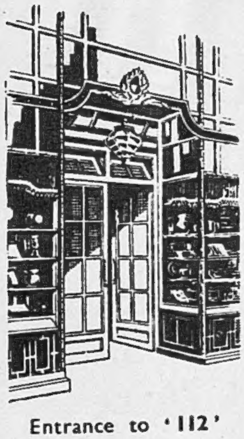
Quality Incomparable

Gordon's

Stands Supreme

Maximum Prices: Per bottle 32/4; Half-bottle 16/11; Quarter-bottle 8/10; Miniature 3/5. U.K. only

We at "112" . . .



Entrance to '112'

IT is with considerable pride that we at "112" introduce our new AIR TRAVEL CASE for MEN. It is in grained cowhide lined leather, fitted with a set of Plastic Bottles with Silver engine-turned mounts; and with Brushes to match. Complete with Razor, Mirror, etc.

Weight only 10 lbs.

Size 26 ins. x 15½ ins. x 6 ins.

£109 . 0 . 0

The GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY LTD

112 REGENT STREET · LONDON · W1

NUMBER **112** IS OUR ONLY ADDRESS · TELEPHONE: REGENT 3021

"Kumfees" by Holmes

NORWICH

Pears

Embassy soap

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN KNOW how important to loveliness is the gentle care of Embassy Soap. Only a *mild* soap cleanses delicate skin without the risk of causing roughness, and Embassy Soap is *truly mild*, made by Pears to help keep the complexion smooth, clear and fresh!

Look for the lovely blue and gold wrapper 8½D.

PY 33/828/100

The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1950

Photographed by ANTHONY BUCKLEY.

NEW FRENCH STAR ON THE FILM FRONT

CLAIRE GUIBERT, co-starring with Yorkshire comedian Albert Modley, has just completed the new Byron film *Albert 's Got a Horse* ; director, Jack Raymond. Made partly in France, partly in England, the film has a very strong Anglo-French supporting cast.

COLLAPSO.—Simpson, caught Walcott. England's bad beginning in the third Test. Four wickets were down for 25.

Sketch-Book

BEVERLEY BAXTER

THE English, and I mean the English, are remarkable for many things, one of them being their desire to enjoy a change by doing the same things. Having lived in this beloved and occasionally beleaguered island for thirty years, I have unwittingly taken on some of the attributes of the inhabitants, especially in regard to holidays.

Since I spend much time professionally in the theatre, I planned that in this month of August I would go to Salzburg and see the plays and listen to the music at the Festival. In the intervals I would get another change by talking international politics with other visitors. Unfortunately, my plans miscarried, so unless we alter our intentions, we are going to Le Touquet.

Since we play golf almost every week-end of the year, we shall of course take our clubs with us. Already we know a dozen people who will be there, equipped with cards for Canasta, bridge, and gin rummy. It is true that we can extend our customary gambling to the Casino, but what can one do with a traveller's allowance in francs? It is all very unimaginative, but it will be fun to listen to the babel of tongues, to watch the croupiers feeding the cagnotte and dealing naturals to some fat Greek with a huge cigar in his mouth, to hear the joyful squealing of the caddies when you miss a putt, and to sit on the beach and regard the waves pounding against the shore—unless, of course, there are other things on the beach more interesting to the eye.

Will there be opera at the Le Touquet Casino as there used to be in the old days? The French have a great art of living, a realisation that man was not born to be the slave of time. The last opera I saw in Le Touquet was *La Bohème*, which, according to the bill boards, was to start punctually at 8.15. Actually it started punctually at 9.20, but who cared? The advertised intervals of twenty minutes stretched to nearly an hour.

At Monte Carlo there is a tiny opera house in the Casino which is attended by those who have gone broke or whose luck is out. After a bad session at the tables, you realise how tawdry a thing is gambling compared with the healing loveliness of music. The exquisite crystal melodies of Mozart soothe your jangled nerves and cool your heated brow. How could one spend those long, idiotic hours at the tables when Gounod was calling or Puccini beckoning? On with the music, give me excess o' it! Here is moonlight and starlight and the murmurings of mountain streams. All that you want is music, music, music.

And then the devil whispers in your ear: "Why not try once more? *Le Sept!* That's it. *Le Sept!*" You can almost see the little white ball tinkling into the grooves. "*Le Sept!* "*Pardonnez-moi,*" you say in perfect French

and edge your way to the aisle and out you go. What does it matter if Mimi is singing her last farewell to Rudolfo? You can hear *La Bohème* a hundred times in the future, but to-night is dedicated to Number Seven.

The little ball staggers, changes its mind, does a bounce and comes to rest. "*Le Huit!*" proclaims the croupier. The anguished cry of Rudolfo is not more harrowing than the unuttered cry in your breast.

BUT the English delight of it is that we shall see our friends just as if we had never left England at all. This is of course all wrong. It was probably Dr. Johnson who once said: "After thirty years of close friendship I love you almost as much as a new acquaintance." New acquaintances of course go straight to the head if not to the heart. They bring out all that is best in one's repertory, epigrams that have stood the test of time, flashing phrases from the armoury of memory flung with calculated abandon into the vibrant air, startling misanthropic philosophies, vocal cadences that charm the ear, and mesmeric movements of the hands. What joy a new acquaintance can be! We sing about auld acquaintance and link arms, but that is sheer sentimentality. Give me the audience that has never seen the play before.

That, of course, is the charm of living in London. Somebody new is always turning up—although at this time of the year it is apt to be overdone. Who would not live in London? You can have the sea and the moors and the country lanes—was it not Hazlitt who said that he regarded the country as a sort of healthy grave?

A very young philosopher once wrote: "I salute you, sweet village on the Thames. Your values are false, your convictions are made of moonbeams, you believe in nothing and your tolerance excuses every sin, but if you starve the soul you feed the senses and stimulate the mind. At least you are not dull. You never make a treadmill out of life . . . and when great moments come your cheapness falls away, and for a little time you rise with a new dignity as befits those who move and have their being at the very heart of the world. My village without a heart, I deplore you and I adore you."

That is pretty bad stuff, but then I was in my thirties when I wrote it.

A MAN who lost his heart long ago to London is Robert G. Menzies, Prime Minister of Australia. We fellows in politics speak of him as "Bob" Menzies, but it is a familiarity without meaning. Mr. Menzies is not a hail fellow or a back-slapper or just one of the boys. He is a man apart, which makes it all the more commendable that Australia should have raised him to such eminence. His is an ironic mind with more than a tendency towards the satirical phrase. In the outer Empire satire and irony are not so esteemed as here in Britain. You would never hear in Toronto or Melbourne what was said in London by a wit who was accused of sinking so low that he would kill a friendship for a good phrase: "But there are so many friends and so few good phrases!"

Before the war Mr. Menzies used to come every two or three years to London and would walk the streets and pilot himself through the milling crowds in the city, or stand on the Embankment and watch the funnels of the tugs curtsey as they went under a bridge. "This has to last me until I come again," he once said to me. It was like a lover parting from his mistress.

When he visited us in the war he was not only Prime Minister, but was his own majority. In other words, his Government had a majority of exactly one. He knew that he would be defeated on his return and there were many influential friends in London who urged him to stay in this country and join the Tories. He shook his head, but I swear he left a piece of his heart here when he departed for home.

"Send us people," was his message this time. "Australia has everything but population."

AT the first night of *Mister Roberts* at the Coliseum I had an excellent seat on the aisle, for it is no secret that the comfort of critics is carefully studied by managements. But I found myself in a double dilemma caused by the gentleman immediately in front and the gentleman immediately behind.

No sooner had the play begun than the chap in front lit a vast, expensive cigar and sat back with an air of comfort. The stage was almost blotted out by successive clouds of smoke which drifted back and filled my lungs as well as my eyes. I can assure you that it was an excellent cigar.

I tapped him on the shoulder and asked him if he would not smoke the cigar because, strange as it may seem, I wished to see the play.

"What am I to do with it?" he asked politely and not, as you may think, in ribaldry.

"Put it out and smoke it in the interval," I answered.

Without any protest, that is what he did. Would that all playgoers might make the same request, and would that all offenders should prove so courteous.

But the fellow behind was not so easy to handle. I suspect that he was a friend of the author, for he laughed loud and long even when there was nothing funny at all. Unfortunately, he had the kind of laugh that turns into a convulsive bronchial cough. I felt as if I was sitting on the deck of a ship with wild gales blowing against the back of my head.

No wonder King Ludwig of Bavaria used to have operas performed for himself alone. I wonder why they thought he was mad.

MORE than once in *Sketch-Book* we have made some fun out of the failings and quaint absurdities of the American way of life, but this is a time when satire must be kept in its sheath. A friend of mine who was in the U.S.A. when the American troops in Korea were hanging on with desperate courage and almost utter hopelessness, told me that the quiet dignity of the American people was deeply moving. There was no bombast, no calling for anyone's head on a charger, no tub-thumping about teaching those Korean yahoos a lesson.

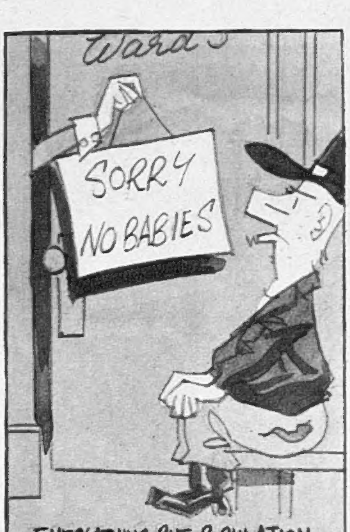
America has never gone to war in her history except out of a sense of idealism or a resentment against injustice. It was this resentment that gave birth to the War of Independence. It was on the cry "A nation cannot live half-slave-half free" that the terrible Civil War was fought. Late as was her entry into the Kaiser's War, it was hatred of tyranny that enabled President Wilson to declare war, and permitted President Roosevelt a generation later to bring America to our side from the beginning of the Hitler war.

It should never be forgotten that American isolationism is in the very roots of her being. Her people are descended from those who left the old world to get away from war or persecution. Therefore it is a great moment in history when we see the American President declaring that his country has come of age and accepts the responsibility of being the world's strongest Power.

There is no hatred against the Koreans, who meant no more to the ordinary American than the Zulus or the natives of Borneo. The Americans who have died in Korea have given their lives for a great principle. If the rest of the civilised world rises equally to its responsibility it may well be that we have seen the lighting of a candle that will never go out.

The Statue of Liberty looking out to sea takes on an added dignity in these hours that are so heavy with fate.

Beverley Baxter



—EVERYTHING BUT POPULATION

—VAST, EXPENSIVE CIGAR—

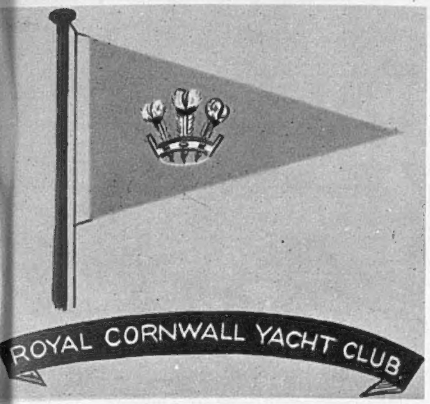
—LAUGHED LOUD AND LONG—

—QUAINT ABSURDITIES—

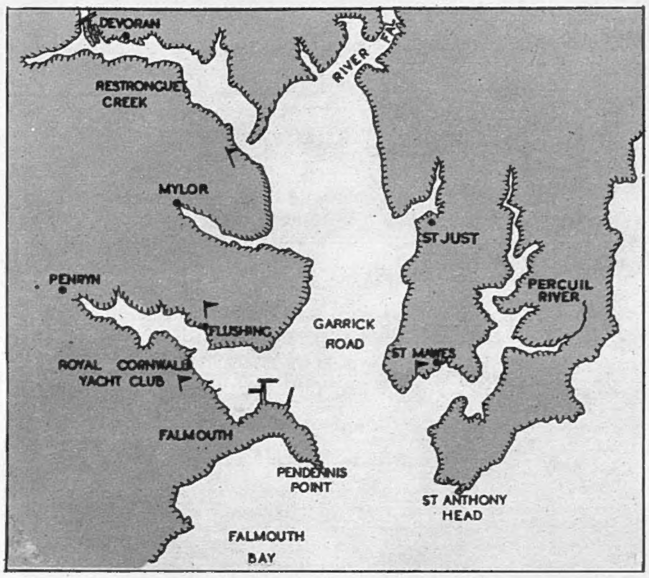
Photographed by IAN GILCHRIST,

FULLY-FASHIONED NYLON

ON the Clyde the lovely thoroughbreds of the yachting world race regularly. Here is *Iskareen*, leading 8-metre, with her huge parachute spinnaker—of sheer nylon, girls !—swelling in the breeze as she leads her class in one of the eight races out of nine starts won by her owner-helmsman, Mr. D. H. Taylor, during the Clyde Fortnight.



EXTRACTS from the log of the ROYAL CORNWALL YACHT CLUB



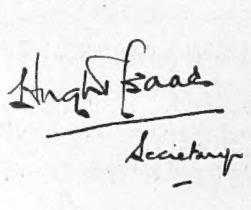
FOUNDED in 1872 as a "Royal" Club under the patronage of Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales, the Royal Cornwall is the premier yacht club of Cornwall. Most of the famous racing yachts of that period took part in its regattas, including *Britannia*, *Satanita*, *Thistle*, *Valkyrie*, *Vigilant* and *Yankee*, as well as the celebrated 40-raters.

The picturesque club-house has a wonderful position commanding a panoramic view of the whole of Falmouth Harbour. Prominent in its interior decoration is a number of photographs of the famous "J" Class, with their racing flags, which competed in the Club's races from 1926-36.

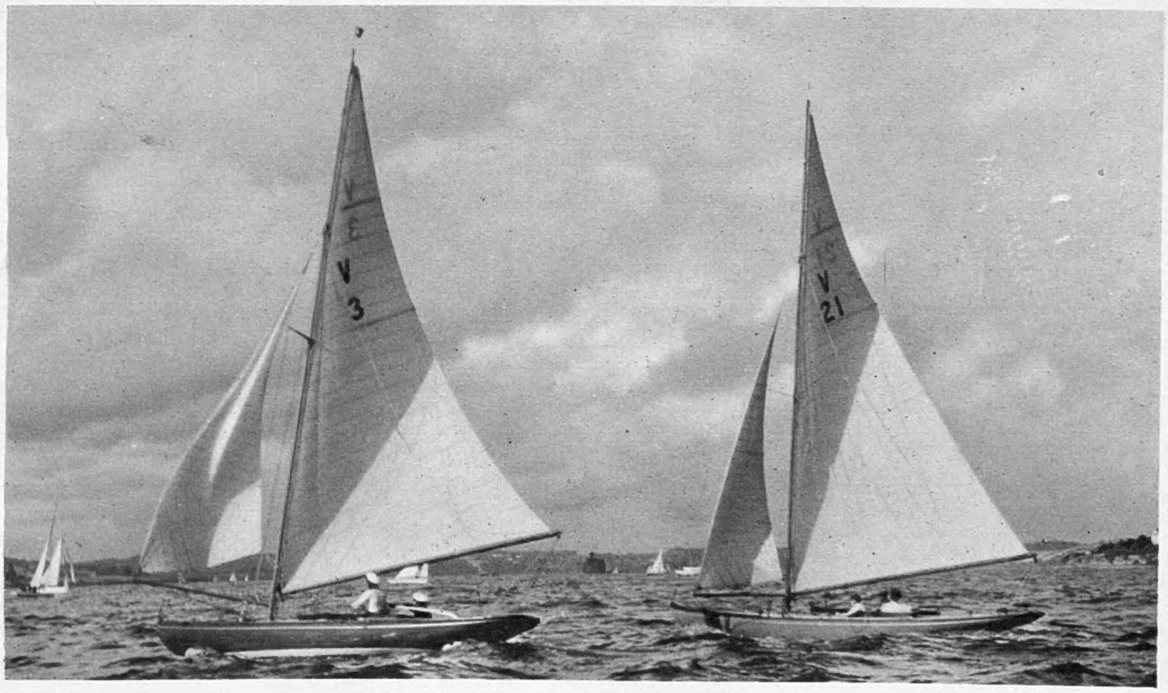
Those who have played a part in its racing activities will like to know that a detailed history of the Club will shortly be published.

Falmouth is a first-class yachting centre which provides all-the-year-round facilities for craft of all sizes, and for yachtsmen both experienced and beginners.

The Commodore, Mr. H. G. Sicklemore, joined the Club in 1914 ; raced his 8-metre *Anthea*, and the Falmouth Sunbeams, *Merrythought* and *Aïda*. The Vice-Commodore, Mr. P. M. Holman, won the R.Y.S. Cup in 1939 with his well-known ocean-racer, *Morva*. And the Rear-Commodore, Captain J. N. E. Vaughan, captains the Falmouth Sunbeam Class, an O.D.C. started in 1924, of which eleven boats are owned by Club members.



Above, left: Mr. P. M. Holman's cutter *Morva* (26 tons T.M.) . . . *Above, right:* Waiting for transport to their yachts from the Club steps : Mr. Philip Fox, Mrs. Dykes, Mr. Andrew Farrant and Captain Thompson. . . . *Below:* *Binaiya* (Mr. C. B. Tracey) and *Maranui* (Mr. A. C. Farrant) taking part in the weekly races off Falmouth.



FROM SIDEWALK TO QUEEN

IRENE DUNNE plays Queen Victoria in Twentieth Century-Fox's new film, *The Mudlark*. Based on an American best-seller of the same title by Theodore Bonnet, it is set in the period following the death of the Prince Consort. Controversy broke out when American Irene was chosen to play an English queen, but the most violent purist would be bound to admit that she looks the part (see below). On the left, Miss Dunne had just arrived in London from a holiday in France and Italy.

A BIG MOMENT FOR A LITTLE PRINCESS

TEN-YEAR-OLD Princess Irene of the Netherlands, second daughter of Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard, was flown over by her father to London to perform her first public ceremony. On Sunday, July 23, in the presence of nearly a thousand Dutch people, she laid the foundation-stone of the new Dutch Church at Austin Friars, to stand on the site of the church destroyed by a land-mine in 1940. The event took place on the 400th anniversary of the granting of the site by Edward VI. to Protestant refugees from Europe, and a service was conducted by the Rev. R. H. Apeldoorn. With perfect composure and poise she walked to the spot with the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Frederick Rowland, followed by her father with Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone. In the picture just below, the little Princess, glancing towards the "mikes," was obviously sizing-up the immensity of the task before her. When the great stone was swung into position she tapped it firmly several times with a mallet, announcing in Dutch, "I declare this foundation-stone laid."

Photographed by WALTER BIRD.

DOUBLE-DISTILLED

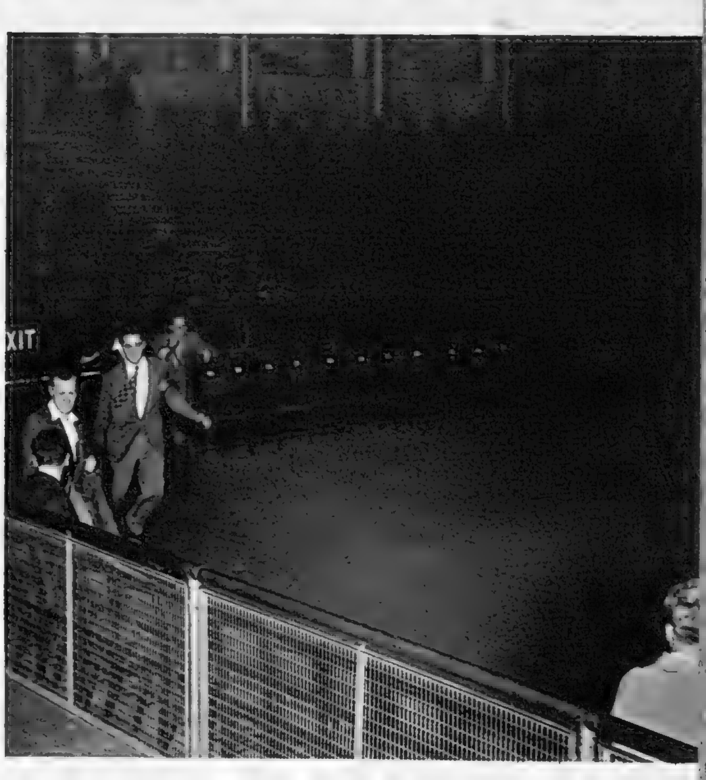
LONDON first saw Peter Ustinov—actor, dramatist, film director—in 1940 at the Players' Theatre Club, where his studies of an ageing *prima donna* and a doddering Colonial bishop brought the house down. In the intervals he wrote *House of Regrets*, produced later at the Arts Theatre Club. Army service intervened ; but since then he has written seven plays, produced several of them. In Rome now, he 's playing Nero in M.-G.-M.'s *Quo Vadis* ; and putting last touches to his first novel.

THE PROMS . . .

From Rehearsal to Dispersal

IN music fashion fluctuates, but the popularity of the Promenade Concerts remains unshakeable. They have been part and parcel of London's life ever since 1895 when, in the intimate family atmosphere of Queen's Hall, Sir Henry Wood initiated "The Proms." Their continuity remained unbroken until the Queen's Hall was bombed and they moved to the larger venue of the Albert Hall. The eight-weeks summer season began this year on July 22; lasts until September 16. These pictures show Sir Malcolm Sargent, conductor of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, rehearsing before a Prom. Concert.; conducting the orchestra before an enthralled audience in the Albert Hall; besieged by autograph-hunters after the concert; and the final dispersal of the world's most democratic audience.

Photographed by HESS.



Candid Cameo

DENIS COMPTON

By "Urtica"

Give me a willow wand and I, With hide and cork and twine,
From century to century, Will gambol round my shrine!

THERE are few experiences capable of melting the reserve of the Englishman and reducing him to an outburst of lyricism, but the song of a nightingale, the sight of the sea, and—as the above lines by Rudyard Kipling would indicate—the swish of a cricket bat, are guaranteed to do the trick. If there is one contemporary cricketer, more than any other, calculated to stimulate the poetic qualities of the English, it is Denis Compton. His appearance at the wicket starts staid journalists prattling about singing bats, gleaming cuts, daring hooks and flashing form.

The news, therefore, that a troublesome knee would keep him out of the early 1950 Test matches against the West Indies cast something of a cloud over the nation's summer. The newspapers supplied anxious readers with regular bulletins of an operation and its effect on cartilages, bone gristle and other medical items. It was with a vast sigh of relief that the country learned that Compton would be available again for first-class cricket towards the end of July.

To serious cricket fans, Compton, at thirty-two, has already earned the right to have his name uttered in the same breath as those immortals, Grace, Fry, Hobbs and Bradman. To the younger generation, his double feat of playing cricket for Middlesex and football for Arsenal ever since he was seventeen has made him a Boys' Own Hero ranking somewhere below Sir Francis Drake and well above Dick Barton. To the non-cricket or anti-cricket outsider he is the handsome, open face and sleekly-coiffured head associated with a particular brand of hair-cream on numerous hoardings throughout the country.

To Compton himself, the adulation and the hair-cream are the recognised concomitants of a British professional sportsman's career. The one provides him with personal satisfaction and the other with material rewards. In America, where baseball and football players share income brackets with industrial tycoons and Hollywood magnates, an athlete of Compton's calibre would be earning between £25,000 and £35,000 a year. "In England, a first-class football player earns between £600 and £700 a year," Compton told me, "and if he is in the top flight of professional cricketers as well, he might bring this up to about £1,500 a year."

Compton has adjusted himself admirably to this lopsided state of financial affairs. Despite a reputation for an easy-going and carefree approach to the business of making runs and kicking goals he has displayed an astute awareness of the monetary potentialities of his name. There are Denis Compton bats, balls and pads. There are personal appearances and films demonstrating techniques, stances, grips and swings. There are newspaper articles discussing the finer intricacies of cricket. There are books written in that self-effacing, hearty, wholesome, naive style designed primarily to appeal to the English schoolboy. "I find it difficult to write books and someone helps me," Compton said. There is the hair-cream and other proprietary products, and there is now a Denis Compton, Ltd., to look after it all. And to supplement these earnings there was the magnificent benefit of £12,200 which he received tax-free in 1949 as a reward for his years of cricket with Middlesex.

But it is the playing rather than the earning aspect of his career that appeals most to Denis Compton. He likes games so much that he seems perpetually surprised by the fact that he can make money while enjoying them. He professes an equal love for cricket and football, and only when pressed will he confess a slight preference for cricket. He is an excellent tennis player, is keen on squash, and has a handicap of eight at golf.

Denis Charles Scott Compton, who was born in Hendon in 1918, has always been brilliant at games and has had little inclination or time to cultivate other interests. His father, a builder and decorator, was a keen club cricketer, and both Denis and his brother Leslie were given bats as soon as they were old enough to hold them.

At twelve, Denis was the captain of the football and cricket teams of the Bell Lane Elementary School at Hendon, and at fourteen, he scored a century at Lord's as captain of the Elementary Schools against the Public Schools. Watching that game was Sir Pelham Warner, and an offer of a job on the ground-staff of Lord's followed. It was this piece of luck that determined Compton's future, for only a short time before, Denis's prowess at football had brought him an invitation to join the ground-staff of Arsenal Stadium. His mother had opposed the boy's desire to become a professional, since she felt it offered little security. There was a job as a clerk in the local town hall that she wanted him to take instead. But with cricket following football, the chances seemed bright for all-year employment, and the wishes of father and son overrode mother's objections.

Denis Compton soon displayed his instinctive ability to master a whirling ball. At seventeen, he was playing first-class cricket for Middlesex. At nineteen, he was chosen to play against New Zealand and thus became the youngest cricketer, up to that time, ever to play for an English Test Team. At twenty, he achieved what he claims to have been his greatest thrill, when, in his first Test against them, he became the youngest Englishman to score a hundred in a Test match against Australia. Cricket records might have gone on toppling at an almost embarrassing speed had the war not intervened and taken him off to India, where he rose to the rank of sergeant-major.

High among the causes that have contributed to his remarkable success is Compton's even temperament. This enables him to play aggressive, confident and almost impudent cricket without undue regard to the demands of more orthodox techniques. It has also given him the reputation of being nonchalant and happy-go-lucky about his work. Nevertheless, Compton admits that he "gets butterflies in his stomach" every time he goes out to bat, and that he is extremely conscious of his performances when he is off form. It is no consolation to him to be praised for an innings when he knows he has not been playing well. "There is no satisfaction in scoring a badly-played century," he told me.

Compton still finds it pleasant to be asked for his autograph and to be sent fan letters. "It is very nice really to be thought of as a schoolboy hero," he said. He thinks cricket helps solidify Empire relations, and he resents the controversies that periodically disturb the blood-pressure of enthusiasts. "You know those controversies never come from the players themselves," he explained. Although asked to stand as a Conservative candidate in the 1950 election he turned the invitation down. "I don't think sport and politics mix," he said, "and anyway I haven't the knowledge for it."

When in London, Compton lives the normal, routine life of a suburban business man. He rises at 7.45, spends most of his day training or playing, and is in bed usually about 11 p.m. He has little time for reading except for the occasional sports book or Peter Cheyney novel. He likes the cinema and goes about once a week. He claims to be easy to please. "Whenever I want to get a bit of excitement," he said, "I make a bee-line for an Alan Ladd picture."

Despite the pre-eminence he has gained in his profession, Compton is conscious of its shortcomings. He hopes that his son Brian, nine, will be good at games, but he would like him to become a doctor, lawyer, or engineer instead of a professional athlete. "I'd rather he took up some profession that was a little more secure, and played games just for fun," he said.

It was his mother who first used that argument on Denis Compton.

★

Who . . . Me?

ONE criticism, "Urtica"—only one. Don't you think it about time people abandoned the idea that I am nonchalant and happy-go-lucky on the field? Surely this repetition of theme conveys the impression that I take a "couldn't-care-less" attitude. I assure you nothing is farther from the truth. Certainly I enjoy every moment of every day at sport and I like to think the spectators share that sense of fun. But nonchalant—NO. Was Patsy Hendren nonchalant? Ask some of the suffering bowlers who toiled against him. I love games and can never have too much of them but I play to win from first to last. I should let my side down if I did not. You don't have to pull a long face in order to be trying your darnedest. Don't take offence, "Urtica," but you touched a tender spot. Otherwise there's no quibble. I will say I thought you flattered me—so does my wife!

Photographed by ANGUS McBEAN

PORTRAIT OF AN ALL-ROUNDER: DENIS COMPTON

Photographed by CECIL BEATON.

A LITERARY DEB. OF THE YEAR

MISS SUSAN BALFOUR, daughter of Mrs. Deirdre Balfour and great-niece of Sir Alfred Duff Cooper, wore this dress when she "came out" this year: it was fashioned from the dress of an ancestress; is of beautiful heavy moiré. Miss Balfour was educated in America, Switzerland, and England; is going to read Literature at St. Andrews University; hopes for a degree—and, later, to write herself.

DATE-BOOK
(Our Social Diary)

JULY 11.

(Left.) The National Playing Fields Ball at the Dorchester. In the picture the wife of the ex-chairman, Lady Curtis-Bennett, welcomes Admiral Sir William and Lady Agnew.

JULY 11.

(Right.) At Westminster Cathedral Mr. Francis Pollen, son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. A. J. L. Pollen, of 57, Onslow Square, married Marie-Thérèse, daughter of Sir Joseph and Lady Sheridan, of Nyeri, Kenya.

NATIONAL PLAYING FIELDS BALL.

POLLEN — SHERIDAN WEDDING.

JULY 13.

At the Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace were (left) Mr. C. I. Orr-Ewing, M.P. for Hendon, and his wife, and (right) Miss Lucy Portman. The sun shone brilliantly; dress was on a high level. The Queen wore clover-pink.

ROYAL GARDEN PARTY.

JULY 14, 15.

First day of the Eton v. Harrow cricket match at Lord's, and all set fair. Eton registered 237 for 5, whereupon Harrow, having made respectable score of 124 for 4, declared. Second day—a draw. In pictures: (left) Mrs. Martin Soames, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hesketh with children Elfin and Richard Soames, Everilda Hesketh. Right: Mr. P. C. Hyde-Thomson, Miss Zoë d'Erlanger and Mr. J. D. Montagu, Eton's opening bat.

ETON V. HARROW AT LORD'S.

[Continued overleaf.

DATE-

SNOW — HANSFORD JOHNSON WEDDING.

ENGAGED.

JULY 15.

(Left.) Literary wedding in the Chapel of Christ's College, Cambridge, between novelist Miss Pamela Hansford Johnson and Dr. Charles P. Snow, both don and novelist. Above (left) John Milton looks down on newly-marrieds.

JULY 16.

(Right.) The pair in the car have just become engaged; plan to marry in the autumn. They are the Earl of Plymouth and Miss Caroline Rice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rice, of Dane Court, Eastry, Kent.

ASTOR — DRUMMOND WEDDING.

IN-AID-OF DOCKLAND SETTLEMENTS.

JULY 19.

(Left.) Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone attended the wedding at St. Martin-in-the-Fields of Mr. John Astor, son of Colonel the Hon. J. J. and Lady Violet Astor, of Hever Castle, Kent, and Miss Diana Drummond, daughter of Mr. George Drummond, of Mount Rule, Isle of Man, and of the late Mrs. Drummond.

JULY 19.

(Right.) Enjoying themselves on the roundabout swing at children's garden-party in aid of Dockland Settlements at Prince's Gate were Elizabeth, with mother Mrs. Arthur Eliott, and Virginia, with mother Lady Carrington.

COMING-OUT DANCE.

CARLYON — GORE-LANGTON WEDDING.

JULY 19.

(Left.) Over 600 guests were at the double coming-out dance given at Claridge's by the Hon. Mrs. Robert Devereux for Lady Elizabeth Lindesay-Bethune (left), daughter of the Earl of Lindsay, and for her own daughter, Miss Bridget Devereux (right), granddaughter of Lord Hereford.

JULY 20.

(Right.) Married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge: Elspeth, daughter of Commander the Hon. Evelyn and Mrs. Gore-Langton, and granddaughter of the fourth Earl Temple of Stowe, to Thomas Carlyon, son of Major and Mrs. Carlyon, of Costislost, Washaway, Bodmin. Bride's Russian diamond necklace is heirloom.

-BOOK

JULY 20.

At 10 p.m. to-night Lord Hartington (striped sweater) threw huge river party; filled sister-ships Abercorn and Viscountess with 110 guests each; steamed from Richmond to Hampton Court and back again. Guests wore what they pleased—among them Lady Caroline Waterhouse, Lord Douro, Lord Wilton, the Duchess of Northumberland, David Niven and wife, Lord Porchester. Dancing to Maurice Winnick's band (five players each boat). They tied up at 5 a.m. at St. Helena's Pier after seven-hour cruise.

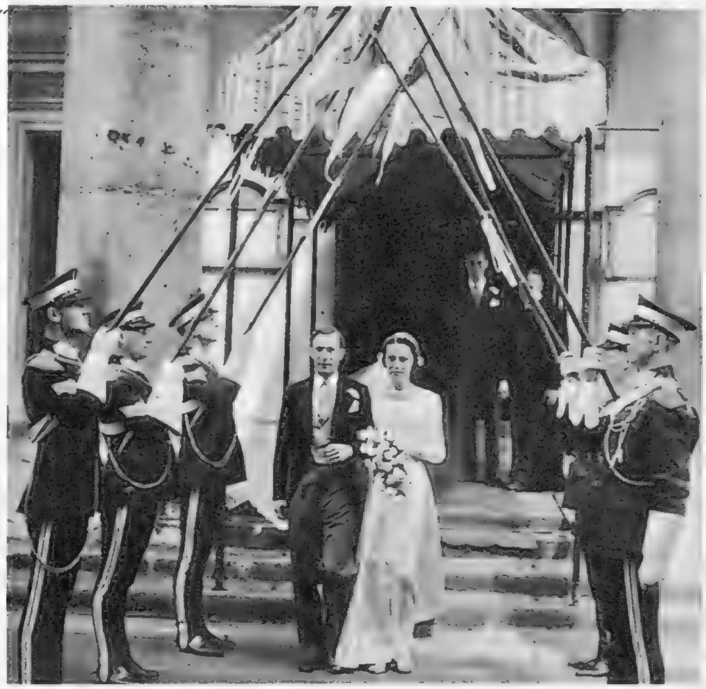
CRUISE UP AND DOWN THE RIVER.

JULY 22.

(Left.) At St. George's, Hanover Square, Captain A. Crawley-Boevey, 17/21st Lancers, son of Major and Mrs. M. Crawley-Boevey, of Bagshot, Surrey, married Miss Cynthia L. Bagot, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. N. Bagot, of 17, Lansdowne Road, S.W.

JULY 24.

(Right.) Here is Dr. Mickie Gilbert, only woman competitor in the National Gliding Contests at Great Hucklow, Derbyshire. She straps on harness before the take-off; is a member of the Imperial College gliding team. This popular sport most useful now British Air Clubs find things difficult.



CRAWLEY-BOEVEY — BAGOT WEDDING.

GLIDING CONTESTS.

JULY 22-24.

Their Majesties attended opening of International Horse Show at White City. They drove round arena in open carriage drawn by two Windsor greys; were received by the Duke of Beaufort, Master of the Horse, president of the Show. Picture right shows Miss Iris Kellett, of Ballsbridge, Dublin, taking chestnut gelding Rusty over jump in Welcome Stakes competition. She won Selby Cup on second day. Left: Major W. G. Davey, of Gloucester, putting grey gelding Power over a jump in same event.

INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW.

[Continued overleaf.

DATE-BOOK
(Abroad)

MONTE CARLO GALA.

CREATORS OF LA MODE.

JULY 7.

Monte Carlo. *(Left.) Brilliant opening gala of Summer Sporting included lots of Americans. L. to r.: Nick Hilton and lovely American film-star wife Elizabeth Taylor.*

JULY 15.

Paris. *(Right.) Famous couturier Jacques Fath and wife Geneviève at their new 30-room château outside Paris. Guest on right is Erik, before coming over to design hats for London Collections.*

BERLIN VISIT.

JULY 18.

Berlin. *New British High Commissioner to Germany, Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick (centre, left, with Lady Kirkpatrick), chatted with West Berlin's Lord Mayor, Professor Ernst Reuter, during visit to the Lord Mayor's home. Extreme left is Dr. Heinrich Vockel, Berlin representative of West German Federal Government; extreme right, the Deputy Mayor, Ferdinand Friedensburg.*

GOVERNOR'S WIFE AT RALLY.

ON BARRACUDA FISHING.

JULY 24.

Kingston, Jamaica. *(Left.) Just received snapshot of Lady Huggins (centre), wife of retiring Governor, Sir John Huggins. She's attending Girl Guide Rally in her honour; received "Thanks" Badge for her Presidency of Association from (left) Lady Agar.*

JULY 24.

Bahamas. *(Right.) Apropos records. Here's picture of Mr. Francis G. Hurt with his 40-lb. barracuda caught off Highborn Cay, 1937; less weighty than the 80-pounder he took in 1933. All this relative to the 27-lb. fish Mr. Zarpas hooked in May off Lagos Harbour, Nigeria—believed a record for ultra light tackle—recorded in The Sketch, July 19.*

A WEDDING OCCASION IN GERMANY

THAT the glory of great European families has not departed is evident in these pictures of the wedding celebrations of Princess Fernanda of Thurn und Taxis and Prince Franz Josef of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. They were married at the Cathedral of Regensburg, in Germany, by the Archbishop Michael Buchberger, immediately after the bride's grandfather and grandmother, Prince Albert and Princess Margarethe of Thurn und Taxis, had celebrated their diamond wedding. *Above:* A footman in eighteenth-century braided livery, with powdered wig, put finishing-touches to the grand wedding-breakfast table, upon which are beautiful glass, rococo silver, and flowers. *Right:* The bridegroom's father, Prince Friedrich of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, took snapshots of the couple in the Castle of Thurn und Taxis. *Below:* Baron Schirnding, Court Marshal of the Castle, led the young couple from the Cathedral while a page, like all youngsters, was mainly interested in something which obviously should not be there!

Old Stagers

GOLDEN CITY (Adelphi).
An admirable musical play of the South African Gold Rush in the 'eighties.

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE (Aldwych).
Betty-Ann Davies presents to us the last stage of an unhappy creature's decline and fall in a New Orleans slum.

SEAGULLS OVER SORRENTO (Apollo).
A naval mixture: comedy and drama on an islet in the Orkneys, with Ronald Shiner as a very able seaman.

TRAVELLER'S JOY (Criterion).
Yvonne Arnaud continues to gurgle through a Swedish holiday that has now lasted for more than two years.

CAROUSEL (Drury Lane).
Forget comparisons and see this as a good Rodgers-Hammerstein musical play in its own right.

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY (Duchess).
Wynyard Browne's Christmas gathering in a Norfolk vicarage is the best domestic play in London.

RING ROUND THE MOON (Globe).
A charade, taken from the French by Christopher Fry, and produced expertly by Peter Brook.

BRIGADOON (His Majesty's).
Here is the Scots village that comes to life on only one day in a century.

THE COCKTAIL PARTY (New).
Mr. Eliot's homily in verse, which is the talking-point of the summer season.

KING'S RHAPSODY (Palace).
Ivor Novello is the King, and Vanessa Lee his Queen, in Novello's Ruritanian "musical."

HIS EXCELLENCY (Princes).
Eric Portman shows how an ex-docker can govern a Mediterranean island.

CASTLE IN THE AIR (Savoy).
Alan Melville has Jack Buchanan and Coral Browne to shoot the pointed arrows of an ingenious light comedy.

OKLAHOMA! (Stoll).
After three years it is still a Beautiful Mornin' in one of the most famous musical plays of our time.

QUEEN ELIZABETH SLEPT HERE (Strand).
A farce about the cares of country life in deepest Bucks.

GASLIGHT (Vaudeville).
Patrick Hamilton's psychological thriller under the wavering gaslight of Victorian Pimlico keeps its old tingle of excitement.

KNIGHTS OF MADNESS (Victoria Palace).
If you like the Crazy Gang, here it is—in full craziness.

HOME AT SEVEN (Wyndham's).
Sir Ralph Richardson is superb as the ordinary man in extraordinary circumstances who is at the centre of Sherriff's dexterous play.

AT THE THEATRE.

★ First Choice ★

"ACE OF CLUBS"

(Cambridge)

THE fact that this musical play is my First Choice of the fortnight does not mean, alas, that I admire it. It is written, composed and directed by Noël Coward; but, although Coward has done much for the theatre and will do more again, there is no need to assume that all his work must excite. *Ace of Clubs* too often exasperates. Even a musical play should have some plot: Coward's anecdote about a parcel of stolen jewels is pinned together roughly, and there is too little of the wit we expect when we see his name on a programme. Mrs. Patrick Campbell said long ago that Coward's people talked like typewriters. They do so here. *Tap-tap, tap-tap.* The sound grows tiring, especially as everyone taps away in the murky atmosphere of a very odd night club in Soho. We never get farther from it than the garden of Soho Square which, most surprisingly, is used for song-and-dance. Towards the end of the evening some of us have had more than enough of the night club. Although Coward tries to atone with a sentimental song in Soho Square about summer evenings in London (with sparrows and barrel-organ), it is frankly a relief when the Ace of Clubs closes for the night.

An alarming thing about the piece is that Noël Coward has made no progress at all in the theatre. He is standing at ease. His melodies are pleasant but unexciting; only one lyric and a scatter of lines elsewhere have the right stab, and Coward depends too much upon his gift for burlesquing the "corny" goings-on in raffish cabaret. Presently, I fear, unless he exerts himself again, someone will burlesque the corny Mr. Coward. Still, one number in *Ace of Clubs* hits the note dead-centre. It is the trio, "Three Juvenile Delinquents," in which the young brothers of the cosh, deplorable types represented with relish by Peter Tuddenham, Norman Warwick and Colin Kemball, move sardonically across the stage, conscious that all will be well for them in the worst of all possible worlds.

The cast of *Ace of Clubs* takes bravely every trick it can. Nothing could be better or more loyal than the work of Pat Kirkwood as the night-club singer who gets involved in the machinations begun by a sibilant crook called Snyder. (Elwyn Brook-Jones snarls with zest.) Graham Payn is an excellent dancer, though he sings less well. Sylvia Cecil's ballads held up the performance at the première—a proper salute to an artist. And others in the company, not forgetting the squealing show-girls, help to people the Ace of Clubs and Soho Square as well as they could be peopled. The players are all right: it is the play that has gone wrong.

Myles Eason as Felix Felton

Elwyn Brook-Jones as Joseph Snyder

. with J. C. TREWIN

"ROSE MARIE ON ICE"

(Harringay Arena)

NO one can complain of claustrophobia at Harringay. Here we are in a vast arena, with a panorama of the Rockies, a gleaming ice-rink, and a company of 200. A famous old piece has gone skating. When we open the programme we find a list of the principals headed "Characters on the Ice," followed by another, "The Voices of the Characters appearing on the Ice." What happens, after ten minutes or so, is that we begin to detach our minds from the amplified voices and to fix attention upon the skating: upon Barbara Ann Scott, the Canadian who appears as Rose Marie la Flamme, and who is, first of all, an exquisitely graceful snowflake-skater; upon Michael Kirby, whose Jim Kenyon partners her skilfully; upon Heinie Brock and Diana Grafton, who struggle with Hard-Boiled Herman and Lady Jane—sad pills for any comedians, especially on skates; and, always and gratefully, upon the vast chorus as it whirls and skims in a variety of exciting patterns: now under the glittering chandeliers at the Quebec ball, or, as in the Totem Tom-Tom scene, in glowing formation in the dark. One word: do not worry about anything but the skating and the spectacle. If you do you are lost.

★

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW"

(Open Air Theatre)

"HE that knows better how to tame a shrew, now let him speak. 'Tis charity to show." When Antony Eustrel speaks the lines under the floodlights at Regent's Park, we feel that no one can teach this Petruchio much about his self-appointed task. It is Eustrel's best part. He can be an up-and-down actor; but here he thwacks away at Petruchio with a bold flamboyance, and he has in Ruth Lodge a virago worthy of his taming. Robert Atkins has decided wisely to treat the present production in the Park as a slap-bang romp. It is wrong to pretend that this boisterous Elizabethan farce gains from any other treatment but that designed for an Elizabethan farce. The play is an entertainment by a team of strollers for the benefit of a drunken tinker, and it would have been useless to waste subtleties on Sly. Raymond Rollett now finds for Sly an extraordinary leer, and his goggling eye-work reminds me of the late Roy Byford. Michael Godfrey as the much-troubled father, and Judith Stott as that charming minx Bianca (with whom Lucentio may later have a troubled life), are the happiest of the secondary players in a Paduan skirmish.

Next Stage

WE shall see the next Terence Rattigan play during the autumn. This time Mr. Rattigan has returned, with a swoop, from Alexander the Great and written a comedy of three periods called *Who is Sylvia?* We are in a Knightsbridge flat in 1917, then in 1929, and finally in 1950; and the names of the cast ensure the right kind of performance. Robert Flemyng has an important part: he is back from New York, where he has been acting (in these days it is almost inevitable) in *The Cocktail Party*. Other leading artists include Athene Seyler, after her eighteen months in *Harvey*; Roland Culver and Diane Hart. Anthony Quayle is the producer for Tennents.

MORE IBSEN.

London has not forgotten *The Wild Duck*, at the St. Martin's, in the autumn of 1948. Now, at the same theatre, we are to have a *Rosmersholm* in the version of Max Faber, who adapted *The Wild Duck*. Its première is on Aug. 22: one of three West End productions that clash with the Edinburgh Festival (surely there could have been a rearrangement here). Signe Hasso, the Swedish actress who has appeared in American films, will play Rebecca West, and she has Robert Harris for her Rosmer and Edward Chapman for her Kroll. Michael Macowan produces; the designer is Tanya Moiseiwitsch; and *Rosmersholm* is the first production of Hallmark, a new company which proposes to do films as well as plays.

A NOVELIST'S PLAY.

C. P. Snow, at once a man of science and a distinguished novelist—he was married recently to another novelist, Pamela Hansford Johnson—is the author of *View Over the Park*, which opens the autumn season at the Lyric, Hammersmith, on August 29. Norman Marshall is producing, and a cast with John McCallum, Catherine Lacey and Mary Kerridge in it gives promise of good things. Miss Lacey, an actress of uncommon subtlety and poise, has just been playing Hesione in *Heartbreak House*.

ONE HERMIONE.

Peter Daubeny and Robert Brenon have several plays in prospect. The first, *For Love or Money*, by Jordan Lawrence, is a comedy of the seventeenth century in Restoration style, with Hermione Baddeley and Henry Kendall. First night at the Ambassadors, August 24 (another clash with Edinburgh). Later, on November 4, the Daubeny-Brenon management presents Elisabeth Bergner and A. E. Matthews in Sir Barry Jackson's version of Molière's *Le Malade Imaginaire*. Also in prospect are William Douglas Home's *The Manor of Northstead*, written for A. E. Matthews, and R. F. Delderfield's *Follow the Plough*, a comedy about a young Cockney who inherits a farm.

Sketch 2, 1950
PARIS
-those open-
on warm
Take a fiacre, for example, round the
Floodlit Place de la Concorde,
and drive up the Champs Elysées..... and why not stay and
dine at
Le Doyen
among the
weeping willows and the statues?
..... or perhaps drive into the Bois to dine
and dance at Armenonville where the
light shines on the chestnut trees and
on the sleek heads of the women.
The food is good (just watch those
rognons flambés being prepared),
and so is the music.
F M

...NIGHT LIGHT.

...Restaurants
...er evenings.

Maybe you would rather stay in the heart of Paris, and dine out of doors at the Ritz, just off the Place Vendôme.....

.... or there's the river, where you can dine indoors or out at the Rôtisserie Perigordine, with Notre Dame at your elbow.

If it must be indoors, then there is the fabulous Maxims, with its no less fabulous maître d'hôtel, Monsieur Albert. (In case you've forgotten, on Fridays dress is obligatory.)

...drawn
...etch"

...rshall

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

CAPTAIN R. D. GREIG, for needing a bull's-eye to win the coveted King's Prize at Bisley—and getting it.

THE last and deciding shot for the King's Prize, Britain's premier shooting award, was a bull's-eye on the target of Captain R. D. Greig, of Sittingbourne, who made an aggregate of 277. Here, hoisted high in the historic champion's chair, he is borne by fellow-members of the North London Rifle Club.

THE FINALISTS in the "Miss Airways 1950" Contest, for having all that it takes to make a good hostess.

THE international "Miss Airways 1950" Contest at London Airport recently brought sixteen girls together from airlines all over the world. The winner (centre), Miss Margaret Gudmundstottir, represents Icelandic Airways. Miss Birthe Lunn (left), of Copenhagen, was a close second, and Miss Simone Steens, of Belgium, third.

MISS MARJORIE FOSTER, for scoring fashion points at the Bisley parade.

THE only woman ever to win the King's Prize (that was in 1930) is Miss Marjorie Foster. This year her shooting kit—corduroys, oil-skins and slouch hat—made quite a hit.

MAGICIAN RUSSELL SWANN, for serving his assistant's head so appetisingly.

CITIZENS and vacationists on Atlantic City beaches recently must have been horrified to see the pretty head of June Nolden, assistant to the well-known night-club magician, Russell Swann, dished up on a silver platter several yards away from her body. June was not playing ostrich. Swann—for the first time in magical history, he claims—was performing an age-old stunt in the open.

. . . AND WE APPLAUD

MR. DEREK McCULLOCH

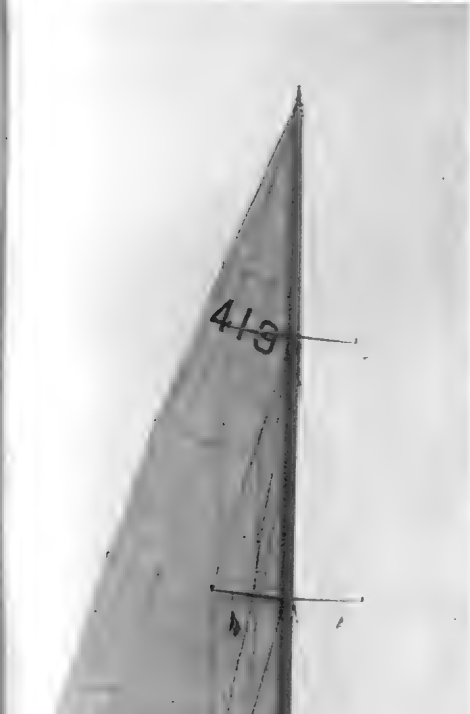
the beloved "Uncle Mac" of the B.B.C. Children's Hour. He has resigned to take up a journalistic appointment, and when he leaves in September the children will miss that quiet, attractive voice which has given them so much pleasure for so many years.

BERMUDA–

ORGANISED by the Royal Ocean Racing Club in collaboration with the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club, the Transatlantic (Bermuda—Plymouth) Race started on July 2. Left-hand picture shows big cocktail-party on the lawn at the Royal Bermuda Y.C., for the participants in the Newport—Bermuda Race, five of whom competed in the Bermuda—Plymouth Race. Bottom left: The drifting start, with R.N.S.A. entry *Samuel Pepys* slightly in the lead over *Gulvain*, second, with *Cohoe* (Mr. Adlard

-PLYMOUTH

Coles) in third position. Below, centre : 55-ft. sloop *Gulvain*, owner Mr. H. J. Rawlings, waiting for starting gun. The finish—Below : *Gulvain* is first home, photographed at the docks. Bottom : *Mokoia* (Major J. Murray) at Plymouth. Top right : Members of crews celebrating on arrival. Bottom right : Yachts *Samuel Pepys*, *Cohoe* and *Mokoia* at anchor. Results on corrected times : *Cohoe*, 1 ; *Samuel Pepys*, 2 ; *Mokoia*, 3.



THE WHITE CITY SITE FOR TV TOOK THIS SHAPE IN REPLY TO OUR INQUIRY—

"WHEN WILL YOU BE FINISHED?"

TELEVISION

by CYRIL BUTCHER

WHEN we were first shown the photograph of the model of the B.B.C.'s projected Radio City, we could scarcely help noting that the building has been designed in the form of a question-mark. That seemed to us a challenge, a splendid affair into which to poke our inquisitive nose. So we did.

It all started before the last war. Though still in its novelty stage, the B.B.C. had sufficient faith in television to foresee its future growth. For proper expansion the two cramped studios at "Ally Pally" were obviously inadequate. Also the sound service was overflowing the accommodation of Broadcasting House and spreading its tentacles all over London in makeshift premises. It was highly desirable to find somewhere to centralise all these services. So they got busy with a plan for a vast Radio City building. To-day, they are still busy—with the plan.

Admittedly, the war put an end to the scheme, for the time being. But even so, one cannot help feeling that much unnecessary water has passed underneath the bridges. The B.B.C. has tried hard enough to get cracking, but post-war Britain is not the place where ambitious schemes can go forward without opposition.

EVEN where to put such a huge building proved a big headache. In 1947 it was decided to acquire the White City Exhibition site and negotiations were begun with the company owning it. All went well until the L.C.C. announced that they had their eye on that site for housing. *Some months later*, however, they relented sufficiently to agree, "in principle," to the B.B.C. buying thirteen acres of the site. The final O.K. did not materialise until August, 1948! Even so, it was still a question of going slow, due to the limitations imposed on capital investment under the National Building Programme. Meanwhile, the lease of Alexandra Palace was wearing thin. It expires in 1956. So, in order for television to have at least a home, the Lime Grove film studios were acquired.

One day Radio City must be built. In spite of its odd shape a lot of careful planning has gone into it to make it the most efficient and easily worked production centre in the world. But at the moment, the situation is that *it is hoped* to complete the scene-building block by 1952 (to serve Lime Grove), and *it is hoped* to complete sufficient of the main building to form an "operational unit" by 1956. Those hopes, however, depend on the caprices of the gentlemen in charge of the National Building Programme. Oh dear, oh dear!

A brilliant offering by the Variety Department was *Frankie and Johnny*, a musical play by Spike Hughes based on the famous ballad. Here, Johnny (Robert Beatty) is duly doing Frankie wrong, in the shape of Nelly Bly (Mavis Villiers). "Thirteenth," the bartender (Orlando Martins), is serving champagne to help things along.

FOR the time being, then, television producers must continue to pit their wits against their greatest enemy: lack of studio space. The conditions under which they work are pretty disheartening, but on the whole they provide the public with a good standard of entertainment.

For instance, what could have been pleasanter than Douglas Allen's production of Eden Phillpotts' comedy *The Orange Orchard*, starring our pet television actress, Nancy Price? It was indeed a change to see her in a comedy rôle—a sort of elderly Cinderella who outwitted the schemes of her daughter and son-in-law to prevent her from coming into a fortune.

Different in feeling, but equally effective, was the production by Campbell Logan of William Templeton's play, *The Ivory Tower*, based on the tragic fate of Jan Masaryk, with Francis Lister in the leading part.

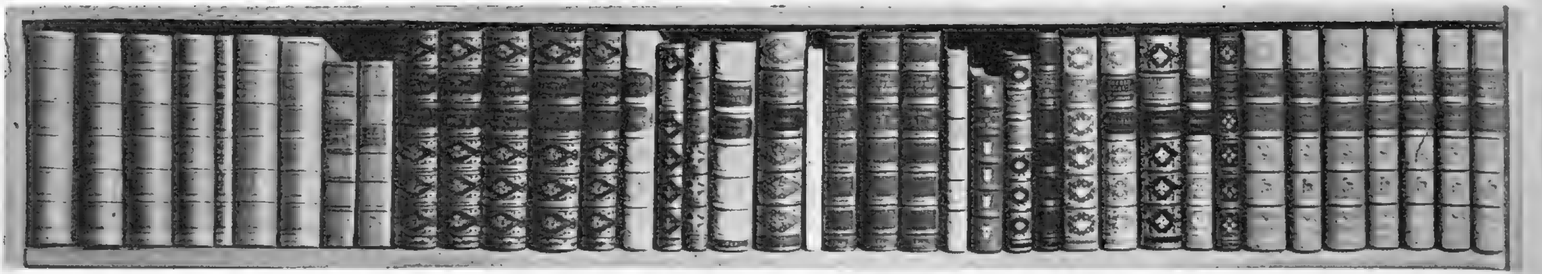
The Variety Department seems to have put its house in order in no small way. Hoping that this happy state of affairs will last, we must register our real enjoyment of three particular programmes. First, there was a brilliant musical dramatisation of the well-known ballad "Frankie and Johnny," by Spike Hughes, with one of the best productions we have yet seen, by Christian Simpson. (Marion Harris and Robert Beatty in the leads.) Then on two successive Saturday nights viewing was made a pleasure by the new series "Saturday Night Revue" and "Regency Room," both of which set a standard which it will not be easy to maintain.

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE

Pat Hillyard, Head of Television Light Entertainment (we call it the Variety Department), for putting his department's house so thoroughly in order. We witnessed the passing of "Rooftop Rendez-vous," "Café Continental," and others without a tear. Now we heartily welcome the new programmes, with fresh faces, fresh writers and fresh ideas. But please keep it up, Mr. Hillyard.

left: The Ivory Tower, by William Templeton, gave Francis Lister a fully-taken opportunity for a most moving performance as Jan Daubek, oreign Minister of a country about to be overrun by Communists. With him is Elizabeth Henson as his young pianist daughter, Jarmila. *right:* Joan Heal demonstrates what was meant by "Pep" in the 'twenties in a hilarious item during the first of a new variety series, *turday Night Revue.* Henry Caldwell is to be congratulated on one of the slickest and most amusing revues we have ever seen on stage, screen, or television.

ow: Cupid shoots a belated arrow at Martha Blanchard, superbly played by Nancy Price, and her neighbour, Mr. Brimblecombe, a delightful trait by Julian D'Albie, in Eden Phillpotts' comedy, *The Orange Orchard.* The course of true love has a bit of a struggle, but all ends happily.



OUR BOOKSHELF

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

EARTH ABIDES. By George R. Stewart. (*Gollancz ; 12s. 6d.*)

THROUGH THE VALLEY. By Robert Henriques. (*Collins ; 12s. 6d.*)

WITH A FEATHER ON MY NOSE. By Billie Burke. (*Peter Davies ; 12s. 6d.*)

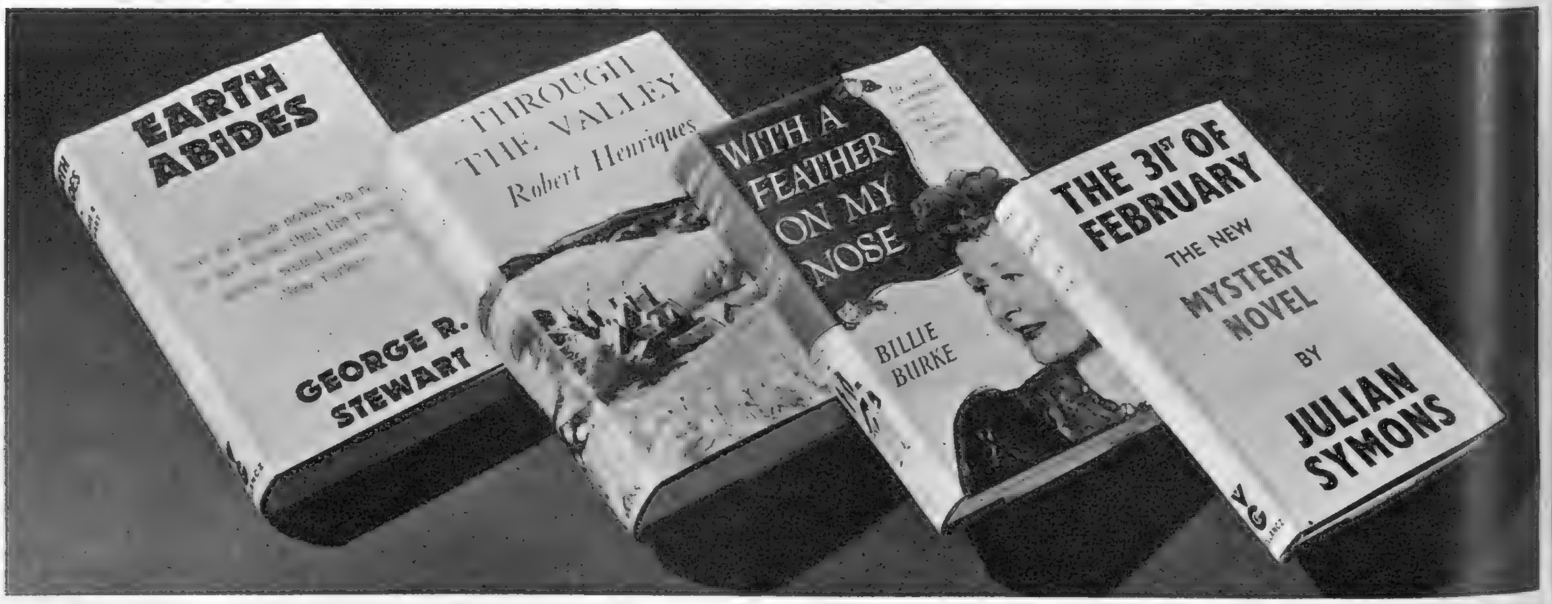
THE 31st OF FEBRUARY. By Julian Symons. (*Gollancz ; 8s, 6d.*)

I HAVE a constitutional antipathy towards novels of the future, of other planets and of imaginary worlds, an antipathy so potent that I have to suppress a yawn when I pick up *Gulliver's Travels*, *Erewhon* or *The Sleeper Awakes*, while I grab happily at the *Journal to Stella*, *The Way of All Flesh* and *Kipps*, respectively. But here is one which is a real midnight-oil book, a story which one eats up like oysters, chapter after chapter, till one regretfully arrives at the end. In *Earth Abides* an American novelist, whose work has hitherto been unknown here, depicts the world after its population has become reduced almost to nothing by "a killing type of virus strain." He does so without long passages of description or scientific argument, but by telling the story of Ish, a survivor, who eventually outlives all the others and becomes the last American, the only living creature who had known the old world, a sort of familiar god to the strange young men and women of the future who live on in the ruins of our cities. It is beautifully done, with faultless and unflagging realism. This, one feels, is how it would be, and the men and women, George and Em, Ezra, Charlie and the rest, are pathetic, credible, human. There is not a false note in the book, and I recommend it emphatically even to readers usually allergic to novels of this category.

MR. ROBERT HENRIQUES is concerned with the end of an era, if not of a world. His is the story of a family of Cotswold landowners, the Merediths, from 1926, the year of the General Strike, to 1948. It is told with political detachment, but the most winning literary partisanship. A number of people are brought to life and set against a background which is painted in the rich and windswept colours of a Constable landscape. The family is of that English landowning tradition which has been openly despised and derided by modern politicians, a tradition of high-minded devotion to duty and the welfare of tenants, servants, and all who make any claim on the generosity of the landowner. It is the loyalty of the Merediths to this tradition almost as much as the vindictive taxation and repressive legislation of the last three decades which, in the old sense of the word, "ruins" them, so that one sees their pleasant world fall into decay. But with what pride Mr. Henriques writes of them, with what passionate zest and infectious pleasure he describes them. His book is something of a jumble into which have been crowded too many odds and ends of narrative, but its vitality and gusto survive everything, and in more than 600 pages there is almost nothing blurred or dull.

NOT many stage autobiographies have more than a functional importance. This reputation is increased by them, that incident recalled, the other figure brought back to the limelight, but as literature they rarely rise above certain fixed and ready-made standards. It would be nice to be able to say of Miss Burke's spirited memoirs, *With a Feather on My Nose*, that they are a "little classic of theatrical authorship," or something of the sort, because she has us on her side before we even begin to read. And if one cannot, if one has to be satisfied with recommending the book as being as lively and irresponsible as its title, still one can say that it is quite twice as good as most of the ghosted autobiographies of the stars. The earliest photograph is of Miss Burke as Lizette in *The Duchess of Dantzic* in 1903, and there are other early ones of her : with Charles Hawtrey in *Mrs. Ponderbury's Past*, 1907, with John Drew in *My Wife*, 1907, and so on—photographs which will poignantly recall the Edwardian stage. Miss Burke describes the proposals she received from Caruso, her part in an early Maugham play, *Mrs. Dot*, and Mr. Maugham himself. She found him more French than English, being "Parisian instead of Bond Street in elegance" and having "great smouldering brown eyes." Then Barrie says "all of a sudden but very quietly"—"May I kiss you ?" and is allowed to do so gently and quickly about an inch south of her left ear. "It was a peck, a frugal little Scotch kiss." Also, there is the whole story of her marriage to Florenz Ziegfeld, and the record comes gaily up to the present.

THE *31st OF FEBRUARY* is described as "the new mystery novel by Julian Symons," but it is in fact a story of that new kind which must soon be given a name of its own—psychological thriller, or something of the kind. There is no mystery of identity, the only matter for doubt is whether Mrs. Anderson died by accident or was murdered by her husband, and this is never with absolute finality resolved. The suspense is created by the quite incredible behaviour of the police, who plant a detective in the advertising offices in which Anderson works, so that the detective can play such tricks on the suspect that he will eventually break down and confess. Calendars are altered, letters left in unlikely places, and so on, and we watch the effect of this on the wretched man, wondering with quite feeling curiosity whether he is guilty, and at what point he will go mad. We have to wait till the very end of the book to get an answer to both questions, and then, as I have said, it is not wholly conclusive. But Mr. Symons handles his victims astutely and leads us through some varied scenes in pub, office, flat, street, with confidence. His occasional "plain speaking" would have been called obscenity not long ago and embarrasses me, even if it will do nothing of the sort to younger readers. With only that last reservation, I suggest that this book should go high on the thriller list.



STAGE.—Peter Tuddenham, Norman Warwick, and Colin Kemball: the Three Juvenile Delinquents, musketeers of the cosh, who clearly relish Coward's best number in *Ace of Clubs.*

J. C. Trewin

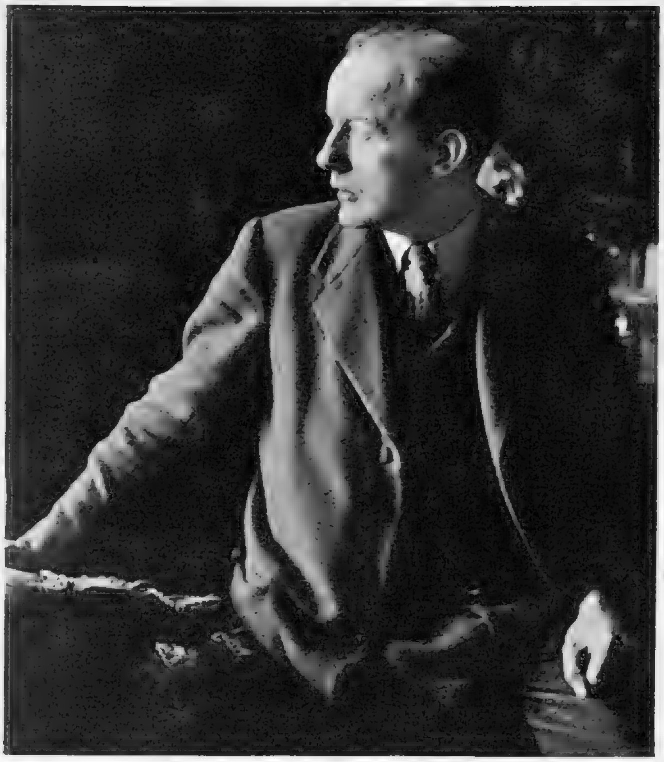


Photo. by Cecil Beaton.

RADIO.—John Betjeman: For an unusually frank, amusing and excellently-written talk about his childhood.

Frederick Laws

CHOICE OF THE MONTH

Selected by our Panel of Experts

LITERATURE.—George R. Stewart: For his magnificent novel of the future—*Earth Abides*

SCREEN.—Raimu, the late, great actor and true Marseillais, who towers over Marcel Pagnol's *Fanny*, and reminds us that the screen and stage lost in him one of the finest artists of our day.

C A Lejeune

"FANNY"—A ten-year-old French film which is moving, full of rich humour and also good cinema; with a fine performance by Raimu, second from the left in picture.

FILMS IN BRIEF

"A TICKET TO TOMAHAWK."—Unusually happy combination of the burlesque Western and the straight article, which shows how much the Iron Horse owed in its yearling days to the tractional powers of mules and Indians. With Technicolor, Dan Dailey and Anne Baxter, this is preposterous but genuinely entertaining and vigorous.

"WINCHESTER '73."—Spasmodic Western fiction with an urge towards documentary, which purports to tell the story of the owners of one particular gun, the "One in One Thousand" model of "The Gun that Took the West." Its main trouble, apart from choppy continuity, is the dreadful waste of good actor James Stewart.

"ELLEN."—Robert Young and the attractive Betsy Drake in one of Hollywood's silkier welters in psychiatry—plus murder. Vulgarly smart and definitely silly, it still keeps just a tiny, silkworm thread of tension.

"THREE HUSBANDS."—Oh dear, oh dear, to think that our Emlyn Williams travelled all the way to Hollywood, only to be forced to commute to Heaven. The story of a deceased millionaire bachelor, who tries, from Beyond, to fix up the drooping marriages of his three best friends. Gigantic laughter in Heaven; a pinched smile in the particular *fauteuil.*

"DIE FLEDERMAUS."—An apparently drained colour system tries to interest us in a fictional parallel to the Strauss operetta (dialogue in German, sub-titles in English), and to my way of thinking, pallidly but quite definitely fails.

"BITTER SPRINGS"—A simple essay in symbolism delicately done. Period is early 1900's in Australia; Chips Rafferty, seen above, has the leading rôle.

★ ★ ★ AT THE

REVIEWS by C. A. LEJEUNE

"FANNY"

IN France they still speak with bated breath of "*l'immortelle trilogie de Marcel Pagnol*"—*Marius, Fanny* and *Cesar.* These studies of the lives of Pagnol's beloved Marseillais first became celebrated as stage plays; but the author himself turned them into films, using the original dialogue and the original cast, headed by Charpin and that wonderful actor Raimu. Each film in the trilogy was planned and executed as a separate unit, but the same appealing characters run through the series—Cesar, the big, burly owner of a waterside bar; Marius his son, who runs away to sea; Fanny, the touching little girl who keeps a whelk-stall, and becomes the mother of Marius' bastard child; Panisse, the master sail-maker who marries her; Fanny's huge-bosomed mother, a fishmonger; the customs officer and the ferry-boat captain who forgather nightly with Cesar and Panisse to drink small wine and play cards.

The trilogy has had to wait more than ten years to get a showing in England, owing to censor trouble. During that time the fashions in feminine glamour have changed, and the appearance and acting style of Pagnol's leading lady, Orane Demazis, do have a tendency to make the films look their age. In all other respects *Fanny* seems as fresh and vital as if it had been made to-day, and it is a remarkable testimonial to Marc Allegret's skill as a director that the technique has not appreciably dated.

The present film takes over from *Marius,* which we saw last summer, at the point at which Fanny, left heart-broken when her lover sails away, finds she is going to have a child. Her outraged mother persuades her to marry the faithful Panisse, who is only too happy to pretend that the baby is his own. With the connivance of his old friend Cesar, the child's real grandfather, he provides the girl with a comfortable and happy home. He adores his wife; he adores his foster-son. The two old men revel in their parental responsibilities. Then Marius comes home. I won't tell you what happens, for one of the film's main charms is the beautiful delicacy and strength of its ending.

The acting throughout *Fanny* is dazzlingly right. I can remember few films in which each part, and every touch and inflection in each part, meant so much and rang so true. The piece is funny and it is moving; full of rich humour and full of heart. It is also good cinema, for director Marc Allegret has managed to open it out from the stage original with many a shrewd shot and felicitous device. I should like to ask all my friends to see it, and I do. Believe me, you won't be disappointed.

★

"BITTER SPRINGS"

BITTER SPRINGS is the third film to be made in Australia by Ealing Studios, and seems to me a very refreshing and satisfactory enterprise. It has not, perhaps, the broad sweep and immediately gripping subject of *The Overlanders,* but I think the direction is considerably maturer. It is better in every way than *Eureka Stockade.* In fact, it is a film that deserves a warm welcome, and seems to have fully justified the time, the expense, and the trip.

The period is the early 1900's; the plot a very simple one. A sheep-farmer in a largely-exhausted coastal strip needs new pasture for his flocks. He gets a government grant of land, 600 miles away, around a water-hole called Bitter Springs. Unfortunately, the Springs have been the tribal home of aborigines for thousands of years. When the farmer arrives, after a hazardous journey over parched and unrelenting country, with his family and stock, he finds the natives determined to stay put. For a while the white men and the black preserve an uneasy truce around the water-hole. Then a white man makes a mistake; a black man makes another; violence begets violence; out come the guns and spears, and in no time the fight for Bitter Springs becomes a fight to the death. In the end the farmer, having learnt the beginnings of wisdom, realises that no men of any colour can live without water; that there is no other fresh water for hundreds of miles, and that the best thing to do is to live side by side and share the springs in amity.

This very simple essay in symbolism is rather delicately done, in my opinion. It might have been trite, or sentimental, or provoking, but it isn't. Ralph Smart, the director, has a very pretty touch with simple things. He knows how to use, for dramatic point, the tiniest of sounds. He knows how touching gay things are; and for the beautiful little scene, half-ballet, half-Disney, in which a small boy sports in unaffected delight with a young kangaroo, I very humbly offer him my regard.

CINEMA ★ ★ ★

PREVIEWS

IN *The Franchise Affair*, Mrs. Sharpe and her daughter, Marion, are accused of abducting a young girl, Betty Kane, locking her up in their country house and ill-treating her. Hostile feeling in the neighbourhood causes them to call in Robert Blair, a local solicitor, to clear them of the charge. He eventually proves their innocence and, in the process, falls in love with daughter Marion. Michael Denison and Dulcie Gray co-star in this film, which is due to be shown in London in a few weeks' time.

On the right: Robert Blair's aunt (Athene Seyler) overhears the whispered gossip about the Sharpes in the local teashop.

Below: Detective-Inspector Grant from Scotland Yard (John Bailey; left) questions Marion Sharpe (Dulcie Gray) in the presence of her solicitor, Robert Blair (Michael Denison).

Accent on Youth

AIR-MINDED WRENS ON A SPECIAL COURSE

A party of Wrens—future wireless operators and radar mechanics and ground crews—arrive at the briefing-room.

HIGHLIGHT of the course for members of the W.R.N.S. training to become radar and wire-less operators and mechanics, and ground crews for naval aircraft at the R.N. Signal School, is a series of visits to the Air Service Training School at Hamble, Hants. During flights they use equipment which is "the other end" of that which they will ultimately handle on the ground. The A.S.T. School has been directing this aspect of the training for some time, and both W.R.N.S. authorities and pupils are pleased with the results, which give the girls an all-round appreciation of the vitally important jobs for which they are training, and their peculiar difficulties.

The Lieutenant i/c Flying tells the Wrens for which crews they are destined for their first flight.

I[illegible] the Mae Wests : Doris Johnstone and Betty Trees, with a [illegible]elping hand from S. W. Stephen, parachute and safety-equipment instructor.

Boarding the 'plane. The Wrens wear seamen's bell-bottomed trousers when they go flying as part of their course at the Royal Naval Signal Schools.

Crossing the tarmac on landing : a flight of Wrens undergoing air experience. The 'planes are Ansons run by Air Service Training School instructors.

Good Evenings

FOR the first night, the ball, the reception, all sorts of grand occasions, these four romantic dresses will help you to meet the dawn with subtlety and grace.

Top left:
A flurry of pale pink tulle, the billowing skirt married to a bodice of shimmering pink sequins. By Susan Small, it costs about 21 guineas. At Galeries Lafayette of Regent Street; Renée of Belfast.

Left:
Glamorous tulle again, but in midnight blue, by Susan Small. The bouffant skirt is hooped and ruched, and the ruched bodice upheld by shoe-string straps. Pink roses bloom at the waistline. About £21 from Peter Robinson; and Hannington's of Brighton (late September).

Below:
You can wear this charming picture-dress anywhere; designed in ciré spotted poult, its simple fichu may be knotted high or worn low, as you please. Created by Malcolm Brown, it will be found at Bentall's of Kingston; Chipperfield and Butler of Brighton.

Right:
For this gown, slightly more austere, yet full and graceful, Roecliff and Chapman use pale grey "bubble" taffeta. The ruched bodice is edged with half-circles of pleated lilac satin, and matching flowers spray down from the waist. Find it at Finnigan's of Bond Street; Bon Marché, Liverpool.

by Elizabeth Penrose

SOME OF THE SPARKLE OF REVUDEVILLE 232

AT the Windmill Theatre Vivian Van Damm has brought to his new programme fresh scintillation. Here, on the left, is Rita Allan as one of the "Ladies of Hades"—a witty burlesque based on the legend of Pluto and Persephone. Below, left, Jean Brampton, one of the principals, has developed her own distinctive brand of comedy since she joined the company. Arthur English (below), the perfect spiv, is one of our best comedians, whose impromptus, always new bear his own trade-mark. He is a new resident comedian in the B.B.C.'s *Variety Bandbox.*

Valstar

DISTINCTIVE WEATHERWEAR

TRADE ENQUIRIES TO

VALSTAR LIMITED, SALFORD 6, LANCS,
314 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.
MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE WEATHERWEAR

He stands at the Cross Roads

—the choice is yours. Give your baby the right food during these short but vital early months and the foundation of future physical fitness and stamina will be well and truly laid. Give him the wrong food and a life of regret may well be yours.
Cow & Gate has been proved over two generations to be the world's finest baby food. It is more than a Baby Food—it is a gilt-edged investment and insurance policy combined. No wonder so many Royal Mothers choose Cow & Gate for their babies. Nothing is too good for your baby, so follow their example and buy a tin today!

COW & GATE MILK FOOD
The FOOD of ROYAL BABIES

LONDON TAILORED PYJAMAS
FOR HER AND FOR YOU by Bonsoir

SILVRO MANUFACTURING CO. LTD., LONDON, N.16

Photographed by ANGUS McBEAN.

DIANA WYNYARD . . .

. . . is due at the St. James's Theatre on August 9, to star in Sir Laurence Olivier's presentation of *Captain Carvallo*, a new comedy by Denis Cannan. Her leading man is James Donald, in the title-rôle, and the setting a village Somewhere in Europe in the present day.

Horrockses

REGD

the Greatest Name in Cotton

For generations housewives have been proud to say their sheets, pillowcases and towels were made by HORROCKSES. The name commands respect in every woman's mind and shall ever stand for quality the world over.

SHEETS · PILLOWCASES · TOWELS · DRESS GOODS · FURNISHINGS · ETC.

HORROCKSES, CREWDSON & CO. LTD., PRESTON, MANCHESTER, BOLTON, LONDON

LONG . . . COOL . . .

A drink in perfect harmony with a summer's day mood . . . a drink to refresh and console . . . a drink to make you sigh with contentment . . . a

Pilsner Urquell

from Pilsen. The *Real* Pilsner Beer

Order it from your Wine Merchant

Ask for it when dining out

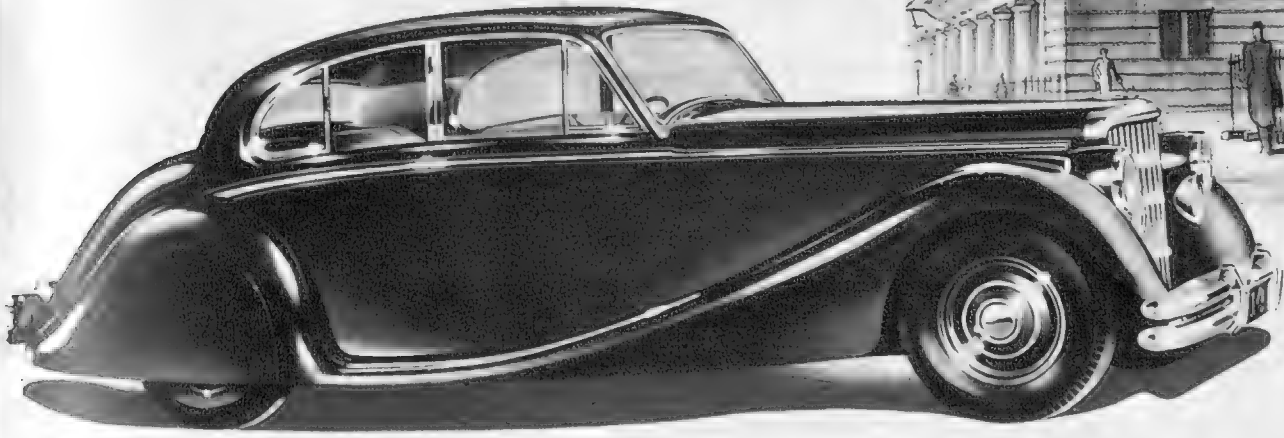
● The word PILSNER is generally associated with lager beer. Do you know that "PILSNER" is derived from the town of PILSEN in Western Bohemia where Pilsner beer has been brewed for centuries? Not every beer described as Pilsner comes from PILSEN. Be sure you have the real PILSEN beer —Pilsner Urquell.

★ *Sole Concessionaires for United Kingdom and Northern Ireland*

PILSNER URQUELL COMPANY LIMITED, 77-79 St. Thomas Street, London, S.E.1

The classic British JAGUAR

The distinguished appearance of the classic British Jaguar is fully matched by its eloquent performance. Its six cylinder o.h.v. engine is as docile in city streets as it is impatiently fast on the open road. At all speeds and in all circumstances it holds the road as only a Jaguar can, thanks in no small measure to the extra long torsion bar front wheel suspension. The steering is light and positive and, with both front seats adjustable for height as well as reach, driving is an everlasting delight. Truly, the Jaguar is a Car of Cars.



Carlton House Terrace by John Nash which originally extended to Regent's Park. Specially drawn by Lawrence Wright, A.R.I.B.A.

THE FINEST CAR OF ITS CLASS IN THE WORLD

The Odd Sprod

Made by ABDULLA *for those who prefer the American style of blend*

Gold Cup Jaffajuce

Orange · Orange and Pineapple

also Grapefruit · Lemon · Lime

I'd rather have a Jaffajuce

BECAUSE IT CONTAINS THE VERY MAXIMUM OF REAL FRUIT

Breakfast Orange for early morning

DODERO LINE

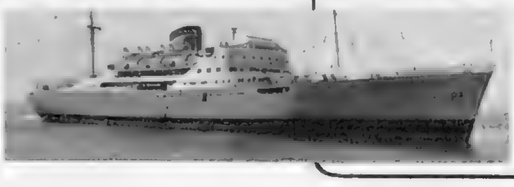
Express Service
LONDON to BUENOS AIRES

Via BOULOGNE, LISBON, RIO DE JANEIRO

s.s. "PRESIDENTE PERON," 2 Sept. & 15 Nov.
s.s. "EVA PERON" - - - 23 Sept.
s.s. "17 de OCTUBRE" - - 14 Oct.

First Class Only. Fares from £195. All state rooms with private bath or shower. All social rooms and suites-de-luxe air conditioned.

ROUND TOURS AVAILABLE TO SOUTH AMERICA.



Apply Local Passenger Agents or
STELP & LEIGHTON LIMITED
9-13 Fenchurch Bldgs. London, E.C.3
Tel.: Royal 3111

Have you flown on the EPICUREAN?

Best champagne luncheon between London and Paris.

No extra charge

AIR FRANCE
The 4-Engine Service

All Travel Agents or 52/4 Haymarket, London. (WHItehall 0971/8)

The gift to give pleasure all the year round

For food perfectly served. For hot meals for late-comers. For piping hot second helpings. For hot coffee after dinner. For hot buffets.

For your greater pleasure and convenience. Gentle heat keeps the whole meal hot, but it will not damage the surface of your sideboard.

The 'ENGLISH ELECTRIC' Plate Warmer

Model 27505 400 watt. £10.10.0
(No Purchase Tax)

THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED · QUEENS HOUSE · KINGSWAY · LONDON · W.C.2

JOU JOU for ALL

Trade Mark. Regd. Design. Patents. Copyright reserved.

For small figures only, in white fine material. From 59/6.
White material for heavy figures From 63/-.
Pink Silk or Net, detachable straps. Very low back model. From £5/19/6.
JOU JOU is the *original* garment, with exclusive features that ensure perfect uplift and gentle, firm support. Recommended for women of all ages. Every JOU JOU is made to individual measurements.
Personal Fitting when calling or send your particulars. JOU JOU made in all sizes, large and small. Describe your case, bust and underbust measurements. Send stamped addressed envelope, with details of your figure. *'phone Welbeck 1249* 2850
Obtainable only from Dept. 614.
JOU JOU CO., 32, Baker St., London, W.1.

RAINWEAR & SPORTSWEAR

MADE FROM THE INCOMPARABLE

"VENTILE" CLOTH

gives complete protection and comfort in the worst of weathers. It gives body warmth; it is so woven that it can "breathe"; there is no condensation of body moisture; it is wet-and-wind proof.

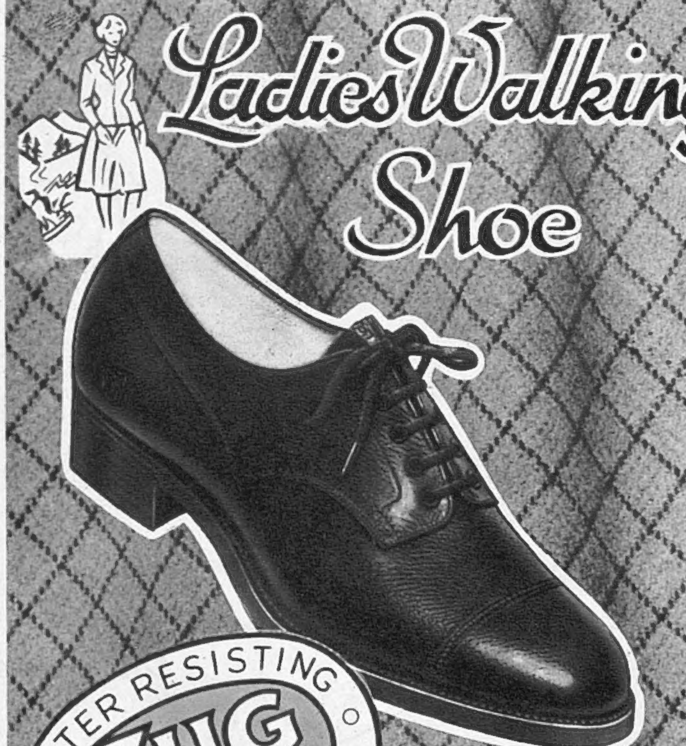
If any difficulty in obtaining, write to The Secretary, The Ventile Fabrics Association of Great Britain, 1, Police Street, Manchester, 2.

LOOK FOR THE "VENTILE" WOVEN LABEL ON THE GARMENT

VENTILE
CERTIFIED BY THE VENTILE FABRICS ASSOCIATION OF GREAT BRITAIN MANCHESTER ENGLAND

(Registered)

Ladies Walking Shoe



WATER RESISTING ZUG W&J Martin REGISTERED UPPER LEATHER

Ladies:—We do not manufacture shoes, but if you experience any difficulty in obtaining footwear with Martin's "ZUG" Uppers write to us for the name of a supplier.

W. & J. MARTIN LTD., *Tanners*, GLASGOW

There are many imitations

The continued popularity of Aertex cellular fabric over sixty years has led to many inferior imitations, often loosely described as "Aertex." But the *real* Aertex is unique. It has never been successfully copied. You can tell it by this label.

Genuine Aertex garments bear this label

THE CELLULAR CLOTHING Co. LTD. AERTEX · LONDON ·

—and utility

Aertil

but only one AERTEX

TRAVEL SICKNESS PREVENTED

Don't let the pleasure of your journey by ***LAND, SEA or AIR*** be marred by the distress of travel sickness.

Take the proven remedy relied on by travellers the world over for the past 50 years—

Mothersill's

Now presented in ***tablet form*** in a handy pack. One or two tablets before setting out on your journey

WILL PREVENT TRAVEL SICKNESS

Get a box from your nearest Chemist.

Pack of 12 tablets 1/6

Used successfully for HALF A CENTURY.

Somebody has to be first!

You have only to taste it to know why "Black & White" keeps growing in popularity. Blended in the special "Black & White" way it is a Scotch that is a joy to drink at all times and for all occasions.

'BLACK & WHITE'

SCOTCH WHISKY

The Secret is in the Blending

By Appointment to H.M. King George VI | Scotch Whisky Distillers James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.

"Glad you like this sherry — it's South African

It's extremely good. I got some South African wine the other day . . .

I know. A good wine, but not of this quality.

Precisely, but why the difference?

Well, this is a truly representative South African wine. You see, though the Cape has been for centuries one of the world's finest wine countries, it couldn't compete in Britain with European countries until Empire wines got a duty preference twenty years ago. That bucked up the South African industry.

But why haven't we tasted such wines before?

Because really fine wines are achieved by selectivity, experiment and slow maturing. South Africa has done as much in twenty years with some wines as the Continent has in generations.

Only certain wines, then?

So far. All are good, but not all are fine. The improvement is naturally progressive.

Were South African wines well-known here before the preference twenty years ago?

Now you're delving into history. They used to be very popular. But in 1860 Mr. Gladstone removed the Colonial Preference and sent the South African wine industry into the wilderness.

Is that likely to happen again?

I hope not. Imperial Preference has encouraged the South African wine growers to tremendous efforts. The British Government is not likely to lead such an important Empire Industry up the garden again. It wouldn't make sense.

So we can look forward to several kinds of really fine wines from South Africa?

You certainly can, and very soon, too."

SOUTH AFRICAN WINE FARMERS ASSOCIATION
(LONDON) LIMITED

We cannot supply the public direct
McCLURE & McINTOSH, Ltd., GLASGOW

Let ACHILLE SERRE

Quality Cleaning and Dyeing *plus* **RETEX**

CLEAN YOUR SUMMER *and* SPORTS WEAR

at the Same ***1941** prices!*

Normal Coats, Costumes, Day Frocks, Men's Suits — *Quality Cleaning* STILL **4/6**
plus Retex (Optional) **2/-**

BRANCHES AND AGENTS IN PRINCIPAL CENTRES

SELLING JEWELLERY?

As one of the leading Hatton Garden Jewellers we can offer the following

RECORD PRICES

£5-£75, Cultured Pearl Necklaces.
£10-£100, Gold Cigarette Cases.
£10-£75, Solid Silver Tea Sets and Trays.
£15-£250, Diamond Watches and Eternity Rings.
£5-£35, Gold Pocket Watches and Chains.
£3-£25, Solid Silver Sports Cups and Trophies.
£15-£20 for £5 Gold Pieces.

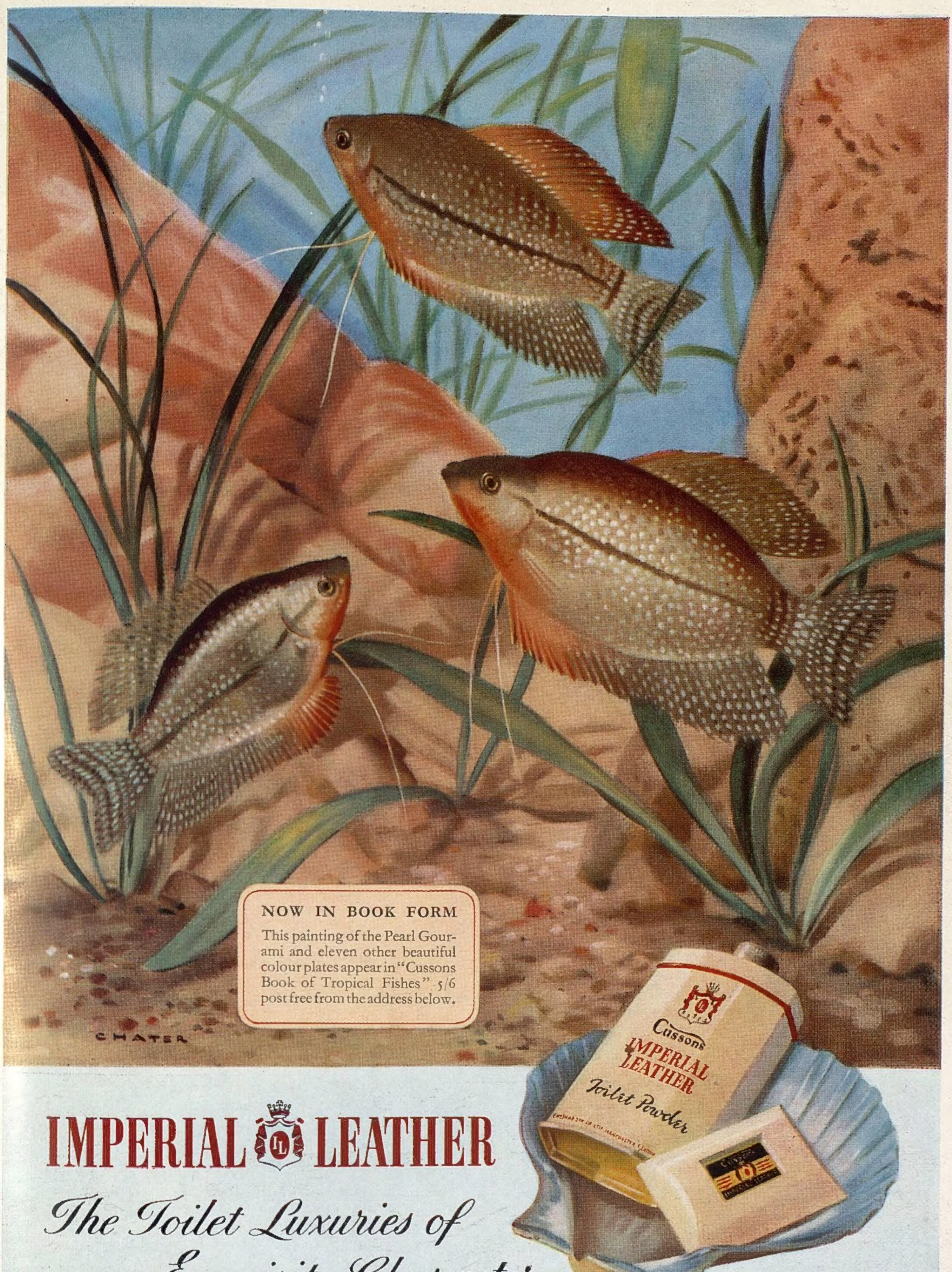
Up to £5,000 for Diamond and Precious Stone Rings, Brooches, Bracelets and Ear-rings, etc.

Valuation by Qualified Expert
(Fellow Gemmological Association)

Register your Parcels (cash or offer per return) or call at

M. HAYES & SONS, LTD.
106 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1
HOLborn 8177

For name of nearest retailer send p.c. to makers
JOHN SHORTLAND LTD. Irthlingborough, Northants.



Announcement of CUSSONS SONS & CO. LTD, 84 BROOK STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON W.1

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

In sparkling waters —— SCHWEPPERVESCENCE

IN FRUIT SQUASHES

Schwepperfection!

There's a quality about Schweppes squashes—a drinquality—you'll notice the moment you try them. The true-to-the-fruit taste of lemon and lime and grapefruit, the sweeter satisfaction of ripe oranges, the refreshing smoothness of lemon barley. **Schwepperfection!**

true-to-the-fruit-

LEMON ORANGE LIME GRAPEFRUIT LEMON BARLEY

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Fortnightly at the Office, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. Wednesday, August 2, 1950. Re-entered as Second-Class Matter, August 15, 1941, at the Post Office at New York (N.Y.), under the Act of March 3, 1879.
Postage Rates :—Inland 2d. Canada 1½d. Elsewhere Abroad 2½d.